

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

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NEW-YORK SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1806

NO. 884.

OSBORNE FITZROY:

A CALEDONIAN ROMANCE.

(Continued.)

"No, no, (said Moreland, shaking his head with a look of hidden meaning,) I have reason to be certain it is not your father." "Ah, too sure he is dead then! (returned Osborne.)—This is but the curiosity of a stranger: I have no relative left to take an interest in my fate:—how mysterious is my destiny!" "But you have friends, dear Miss Fitzroy, who will do all in their power to serve you. My means are humble, but my heart is willing; and my poor Paulina loves you as if you were her own. But this stranger seems to possess authority; for he said he must, and would inspect whatever papers were in your possession. The illness of a dear friend claimed his immediate attention; but he should return, he said, in the evening; and, after a conference with you, arrange matters for a journey into the north." "However great his authority may be, (said Osborne,) I will not acknowledge it at the expence of my integrity; for I have sworn not to penetrate the secret of a respected parent till a period which is still at the distance of a few weeks. However I will see this stranger." About six o'clock the expected visitor arrived. He was a venerable looking man, plainly dressed, and whose countenance bore the traces of deep sorrow. He gazed on Osborne with scrutinizing attention, and appeared to undergo much emotion—"Your name, I understand, is Fitzroy. May I request to know if your mother had any other child?" "I never saw another; but I think I have heard of one who died young." "Was it a male or a female infant?" "A Girl!" The stranger clasped his hands together, and exclaimed. "Oh God! it must be so: Mrs. Fitzroy was not your mother!" "Not my mother! Impossible! Oh, she was the best of parents to me." "Either my senses deceive me, or you are not what you would be thought. Your mother (if my conjectures are right) was Donna Lauretta Guzman; and now, Osborne, dare not to deceive me; for, without any other testimony, your features convince me you are her son!" Osborne uttered an exclamation of anguish; and, sinking at the feet of the stranger, cried, "You have penetrated the secret I swore not yet to divulge. Oh, release me from this dreadful suspense, and reveal to me the cause of this cruelly enforced concealment." "Alas, boy, (said the stranger,) I am yet ignorant: we are still bound by honor to remain unsatisfied; but I have yet many questions to ask. You have been an inmate of Clifford Castle, I understand?" Osborne bowed. "Did you there see a person named Del Marino?" "I did, said Osborne, shuddering: surely he is not my father! "Heaven forbid, child, that your father should be such a villain. But I must repair to Clifford Castle: will you accompany me?" "I cannot: an event is about to take place, which I dare not to witness." "What event do you allude to?" "The union of Lady Alexina Clifford with young Grafion." The stranger started. "Indeed! is that in contemplation? I

must know more of this. But do you love the lady?" "I adore her." "She knows it, I suppose?" "Impossible; I could never divulge—" "Tis well, (interrupted the old man.) However, you must now assume a more suitable dress. I wonder how you have borne that so long.—However, custom can reconcile us to any inconsistency. I will dispense with your attendance till I summon you: by that time, I hope, your restriction will be removed: and we will peruse the papers together. Meanwhile, I will return to my sick friend; and you may prepare any letters you wish to send." With a confusion of wild hopes and fears, Osborne flew to comply with this welcome order; and, in the eagerness of the moment, addressed Alexina with such tenderness, as his cooler judgement would have condemned. He also addressed Monmouth;—intreated his friendship in place of love, and threw himself upon his generosity, trusting he would delay his marriage till his own pretensions to the hand of Lady Alexina could be justified. Osborne had no sooner concluded his letters, than he amused himself by a variety of conjectures as to the purpose for which he had been compelled to conceal his sex. In some moments mirth predominated at the recollection of several ridiculous situations in which he had been placed; then anxiety took the lead, in the fear lest Lady Alexina should despise him for the deception; or disdain as a lover, one she valued as a friend. During these meditations, Mr. Moreland entered; he smiled as he surveyed the perplexed youth. "Come my good young friend, (said he, prepare for a strange metamorphosis. I have been in the secret all along, and have now brought you, by the old gentleman's order, a suit of cloaths, which, I trust, will become you much better than those you have been so captivated in. Come, change." Osborne hastily obeyed; and his friend surveyed him with unconcealed admiration. "Faith, you are a good looking lad; you had too bold an air in your female accoutrements. Nay, you must not hang down your head and blush, like a simpleton; you are no longer playing the woman.—We will have a friseur to arrange you hair, and a dancing master to teach you to make a bow, and then—Ladies, beware." Osborne took his friend's railery with perfect good humour, and surveying his fine features in an opposite mirror, felt perfectly reconciled to the alteration. Their conference was interrupted by the entrance of the stranger. He gazed on Osborne with visible pleasure, and unguardedly exclaimed—"Your father will be delighted." "My father! (cried the astonished Osborne;) then my father lives!" "He does, it is true, (said the old man, extending his hand;) and in me behold his faithful friend, Edmond Viscount Grafion!" "The parent of Monmouth?" asked Osborne, with emotion. "The same, (replied Lord Edmond.) Yet believe me I come not to destroy your prospects of happiness, whatever may be the sentiments of my son: the decision of Lady Alexina alone will determine your fate." "Who is my father?" asked the impatient Osborne. "That I am not at liberty to disclose, (returned Lord Edmond.) With respect to myself, I will be more circumstantial. Wounded

severely, though not dead, I was left on the field by my comrades, who, being overpowered by the enemy, were reduced to the necessity of making a precipitate retreat. It was night ere animation revisited my exhausted frame. I crawled to a hovel which stood by the side of the plain where we fought; it was occupied by an old woman, who received me with kindness, and put me to bed. Having been plundered of all my valuables, I had no means of recompensing her for her care, and languished several days on the bed of pain and sickness, yet in the anxious hope of joining my regiment when my strength was a little recruited. Our camp was at the distance of twelve miles, and my hostess was unable to procure me any conveyance.—The good creature was truly disinterested in her benevolence; and, alas! I have never had an opportunity of testifying my gratitude. At this juncture the sudden and welcome news of a peace was rumoured; my broken regiment was ordered home, and I hastened to join my friends. I accepted some cloaths from the son of my kind nurse, who was a peasant, and in this dress hastened towards the camp; but my enfeebled limbs refused their accustomed speed, and my progress was tedious and painful. I arrived too late;—the camp was broke up, the regiment embarked, and I had fourteen miles more to journey before I could reach the coast. Poor, and infirm as I was, my anguish is indelible; yet I exerted all the vigor of my mind and body to support me under it. Not to tire you with a repetition of minute events, I will hurry over my recital. I reached the port too late, the transports had sailed the day before. One vessel remained in the harbour; the captain was fortunately known to me; it was a Portuguese trader which had just obtained permission to depart; and the captain frankly told me, that, if I would make the voyage with him, he would take me back to England. Unpleasant as any delay was in my circumstances, I had no alternative, and captain Manning received me on board. Misfortune, however, still pursued me: we had not been long at sea, before we were chased by an Algerine, who had little difficulty in subduing us. The shew of resistance we made, but subjected us to worse treatment; we were captured, chained, and carried to Tunis. In this tedious captivity I got acquainted with the person who is now my companion. Partners in affliction, we unbosomed our sorrows to each other, and found that we were connected by circumstances more nearly than we imagined. Friendship heightened the bonds of a captivity which seemed perpetual, when the persevering valor of Sir Sidney Smith effected our release, and made us willing slaves of gratitude. We returned exultingly to England. I have settled my business in the war-office, and, but for the illness of my friend, should ere this have embraced my son. The partner of my calamities is materially concerned in your affairs; and we shall proceed together to Clifford Castle. The result you shall soon be made acquainted with; and I leave you in the sincere hope of seeing you soon reinstated in the rights of your birth, of which a concurrence of extraordinary events has too long deprived you." Lord Edmond having fi-

wished his recital, received the letters of Osborne, and took an affectionate leave; while the perplexed youth remained even more bewildered in conjecture than before.

Day after day passed on, yet Osborne heard not from Lord Edmund. It was in vain Mr Moreland entreated him to be reasonable, to consider the distance, and to allow for accidental delays; impatience always outstrips reason. A letter at length arrived. Osborne tore it open with eagerness, and beheld the well known hand of Lady Alexina. His consternation may be easily conjectured on a perusal of the following.

"TO OSBORNE FITZROY—*Falrick.*

"Unhappy youth, was it not enough to be the agent of a vile plot to deceive your unsuspecting friends, but you must prove the iniquitous confederate of a scheme, which, even prematurely detected, involves us all in confusion and dismay. While my trembling hand traces these accusing lines, my heart pleads for a friend once tenderly beloved, and would fain whisper, that Osborne, the intrepid, ingenuous Osborne, can but be an unwilling participator in a proceeding which aims a blow at the life and honor of my father. Lord Edmund Gratton, so unexpectedly restored to us, is filled with shame and horror at the part he has innocently taken in this transaction. The wretch who, in support of his and your ambitious views, would have murdered my father, is now closely confined, and an order for your apprehension: yet I would save you, Osborne; for still I cannot believe you capable of such base ingratitude. If it is not in your power to bring a complete vindication of your conduct, fly; in this kingdom you will not be safe. Let this favour be attributed to its true source,—gratitude! You have been my preserver. I have discharged that debt as far as it is in my power. Further—honor, duty, all forbids Osborne, my tears fall for you. Farewell.

"ALEXINA CLIFFORD"

"Here then, (cried Osborne,) concealment must end. My fame, my hopes, all blasted, nothing remains but one decisive measure." He seized on the important packet, and hastily broke it open. The first line appalled him; the papers fell from his hand; and he sunk into a chair, covering his face with his hands. Fortunately, at that moment Mr. Moreland entered. He saw the situation of his young friend, and used every exertion to rouse him from a lethargy most alarming. "For heavens sake! my dear Osborne, what means this agitation? Your looks alarm me." Osborne, in reply, pointed to the papers scattered on the floor. "Those, those, (cried he,) have undone me. Why did you not tell me that my father was the Duke of Dreghdaforth? you, no doubt, knew this fatal secret."

"My dear Lord, (cried Moreland, clasping his arms round him,) be tranquil: it was a secret I was bound in honor to conceal: I meant not to deceive or afflict you. But why this extravagant grief at a discovery which ought rather to fill you with the most joyful expectation?" "Oh it is a source of misery to me, (cried Osborne;) you know not half the anguish it causes me. I am a wretch, indeed." "Have you perused those papers?" asked Mr. Moreland. "Not yet: the first line was a shock too great for my feelings. But leave me, Mr. Moreland. In my present state of mind, I may express myself in an improper manner. I will endeavour to acquire fortitude, and go through this dreadful packet." Fearing to irritate him by any further remark, Moreland bowed and withdrew; while Osborne, with the composure of despondency, took up the papers, and read.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE DEAD FRIEND.

By SOUTHEY.

Not to the grave, not to the grave my Soul
Descend to contemplate
The form that once was dear!
Feed not on thoughts so fatally horrible!
The Spirit is not there
That kindled that dead eye,
That throbb'd in that cold heart,
That in that motionless hand
His met thy friendly grasp.
The Spirit is not there!
It is but lifeless, perishable, flesh
That moulders in the grave,
Earth, air and waters ministering particles
Now to the elements
Resolv'd, their uses done.

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my Soul,
Follow thy friend beloved,
The Spirit is not there!
Often together have we talk'd of death;
How sweet it were to see
All doubtful things made clear;
How sweet it were with powers
Such as the Cherubim,
To view the depth of Heaven!
O Edmund! thou hast first
Begun the travel of Eternity!
I gaze amid the stars,
And think that thou art there,
Unfettered as the thought that follows thee.

And we have often said how sweet it were
With unseen ministry of angel power
To watch the friends we loved.
Edmund! we did not err!
Sure I have felt thy presence! thou hast given
A birth to holy thought,
Hast kept me from the world unstain'd and pure,
Edmund! we did not err!
Our best affections here
They are not like the toys of infancy;
The Soul outgrows them not,
We do not cast them off,
Oh if it could be so
It were indeed a dreadful thing to die!
Not to the grave, not to the grave, my Soul,
Follow thy friend beloved!
But in the lonely hour
But in the evening walk
Think that he accompanies thy solitude;
Think that he holds with thee
Mysterious intercourse;
And tho' Remembrance wake a tear
There will be joy in grief.

RICHARD OF THE WOOD.

A RUSTIC DIPTY.

Worn down with ninety years of toil,
Old rustic Richard lives at ease,
At eve, a race Herculean smile
Around, and make him doubly blest.

In early years, a life he led
At once industrious, sober, good;
And all would cry, as on he sped,
"There goes kind Richard of the Wood."

He wed, and chubby children came,
Who, like their sire, grew old and strong;
And now, to save from sin and shame,
He took them to his work along.

To sturdy men his sons soon grew;
Their father work'd, while work he could,
Now worn with age and labor too,
At ease lives Richard of the Wood.

Fond parents, learn from this my tale,
To guide your offspring far from guile,
And let them labour in the vale
Then age shall greet you with a smile.

A race of grandsons clasp his knees,
And learn from him a lesson good,
They dance around, in hopes to please
Their grand sire, Richard of the Wood.

To the PAINTER

Of the

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

SIR,

During one of our late vacations, I was induced to visit your great metropolis of pleasure and dissipation; and, having spent the most of my time in seclusion from the world, sometimes mingled with the *beau monde*, in order to inform myself concerning mode and fashion; as the observations and opinions of one of my cast of understanding, on such a subject, may not be unamusing to some of your readers, I propose, occasionally, to transmit them for their perusal.

I had not passed much time in this society before I observed with surprise, the formality and unmeaning ceremony exhibited throughout it; whenever I have suffered myself to be dragged through this ordeal of politeness, it has been with the most visible constraint, that I supported a cheerful countenance, or contributed my share to the entertainment of the company; I fear I have sometimes betrayed marks of displeasure and disgust, when it would have been a breach of all politeness, not to have acknowledged the pleasure which I received from the gay and sprightly conversation of the girls. But no man is master of his taste: I cannot be pleased with what is contrary to my opinion, any more than I can convert a bitter draught into a sweet and palatable potion, by the force of imagination only.

It is not my intention, Sir, to address you in a vein of undistinguishing satire on the ruling manners—This would answer no good or useful purpose: no one can be a more zealous advocate for politeness than I am, and he who would be guilty of a violation of its rules, would find in me a firm supporter of its cause. I would be the first to stand forth and assert its rights, and arraign the criminal before the tribunal of life and manners: I would shew him that an observance of it, was not only a commendable, but a necessary thing, and no one should accuse me of wishing to ridicule a set of manners so good and useful.

I presume it will not be necessary to point out particular instances, in which there appears to be too much formality, too rigid an adherence to etiquette. I do not wish it: it might perhaps lead me to tread on hallowed ground, and encroach on the privileges of our country women. Nay, I might, perhaps, be thought unnecessarily severe on modern *beauism*, and though not attached, *et et armis* by our gallants, could not fail to experience the contemptuous smile. Lest then I should offend against any of these, I shall only hint in general terms, that I think this *city politeness* too much subjected to ceremony and form. It is not for malice which constitutes politeness, but a certain ease and gracefulness in behavior which is native and unaffected, and which renders us more agreeable, than all the borrowed graces which art can invent or bestow.

From my chamber Yale College.

MARCUS.

January 1806.

FANCY.

FANCY, thou busy offspring of the mind!
Thou roving, ranging rambler, meek-confid'
Pleasing, displeasing, aping, marrying making
First right for wrong, then wrong for right mistaking,
Restless thyself, can't let poor me alone,
Thou something, nothing, any thing in one!

ANECDOTE

OF HENRY IV. OF FRANCE.

SOME days before the battle of Ivry, Henry IV. arrived one evening, *incognito*, at Alencon, with few attendants, and alighted at the house of an officer who had been much attached to him. The officer was absent, and his wife, who did not know the king, received him as one of the generals of the army; and was still more attentive to him, as he said he was the friend of her husband. Towards evening, however, the king thought he discovered some signs of uneasiness in the countenance of his hostess.—"What is the matter, madam?" said he: "I hope I am not the cause of any embarrassment to you; but as the night has approached, I have observed that you are less cheerful. Tell

me frankly the reason, and be certain that I will not put you to the least inconvenience."—"Sir," replied the lady, "I will not conceal it from you: to-day is Friday, and if you are in the least acquainted with the province in which we live, you will not be surprised when I tell you, that I know not how I shall procure any thing for your supper that is fit to be set before you. I have already made inquiry through the whole town, but in vain, except that one of my neighbours tells me he has a fat turkey; but this he will let me have only on condition that he shall come and eat part of it; and as he is only a tradesman, though he has acquired some money, he does not appear to me to be a suitable guest for your company; he will not, however, part with his turkey on any other terms."

"This man," said the king, "appears to be a merry fellow."—"Yes, sir," said the lady, "he is the wit of the town; and, besides, a very worthy man, and a good Frenchman."—"Oh, let him come then," replied the king; "I am rather hungry, and even if he should be somewhat troublesome, it will be better to sup with him than not to sup at all."

The tradesman being informed that his stipulation was complied with, dressed himself in his Sunday clothes, and soon made his appearance with his turkey; and while it was dressing, entertained the king with so many pleasant sallies of wit and amusing anecdotes of his neighbours—for he was well versed in the scandalous history of the whole town—that the monarch, though almost dying with hunger, waited for his supper without the least impatience. The pleasantness of the man increased while they were at table, and the good king laughed with full satisfaction of heart; which encouragement seemed to redouble the wit and humor of his guest.

When the king was about to rise from table, the honest tradesman suddenly dropped on his knees before him—"Sire," exclaimed he, "pardon my presumption. This is assuredly the happiest day of my life. I saw your majesty pass when you arrived here: I was fortunate enough to know you; but I said nothing, not even to this lady, when I found she did not know our great king.—Pardon, sire, a thousand pardons! I wished only to amuse you for an hour or two."

The lady was now also at the feet of the monarch, who bade them rise, with that goodness for which he was ever distinguished. "No, sire!" exclaimed the tradesman, still continuing on his knees, "I will remain thus till you shall have deigned to listen to me for a moment."—"Speak, then," said the monarch, whose curiosity was excited by this address.—"Sire," said the man, with great gravity of voice and manner, "the glory of my king is dear to me, and I cannot reflect without the most poignant grief that it must be tarnished by your majesty's having admitted to sit at table with such a fellow as I am. And this there is but one means to prevent."—"What may that be?" said Henry.—"To grant me letters of nobility."—"Grant you letters of nobility?"—"Why not sire? Though I was once an artisan, I am a Frenchman; and I hope I have as honest a heart as any gentleman."—"Very well, my friend; but what arms will you bear?" My turkey, sire, which to-day has procured me so great an honor."—"Well said!" exclaimed the monarch: "*Ventre saint gris*! You shall be noble, and bear your turkey in pale."

The tradesman afterwards bought an estate in the environs of Geneva, which was erected into a *châtellenie*, or honor, under his name, which he never would change. His descendants long possessed it, and bore for their arms a turkey in pale.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, JANUARY 25, 1806.

The city inspector reports the death of 29 persons (of whom 15 were men, 3 women, 3 boys and 8 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. Of consumption 7 decay 5, bursting a blood vessel 1, casualty 1, (a child between 4 and 5 years old accidentally burnt) cold 1, convulsions 1, nervous fever 2, bites 2, inflammation of the lungs 1, old age 2, sore throat 1, still born 2, sudden death 2, and 1 of teething.

COURT OF OYER & TERMINER.

CITY OF NEW-YORK.

During the sitting of this court was tried FRANCISCO SON for the murder of Archibald Graham, of this city. The deceased was stabbed in the month of June last, and expired in a few minutes. The trial commenced on Thursday the 9th inst. soon after 11 o'clock in the forenoon—about 11 o'clock at night the testimony closed. The court indulged the District Attorney, and Mr. Morton, of counsel for the prisoner, to retire for one hour to review their notes of the evidence. The counsel for the prisoner addressed the jury with great ability, in a speech of upwards of two hours—no point was left untouched, and the slightest circumstances favorable to the prisoner were pressed with force and eloquence. At about 4 o'clock in the morning the jury retired, and in half an hour brought in a verdict of Guilty.

The prisoner was brought to the bar on Monday last to receive sentence of death. Mr. Monteiro, the Portuguese Consul, had previously prepared him for the event. It is impossible to speak too highly of this gentleman's conduct towards his unfortunate countryman. He attended the court throughout the whole trial, and gave him every possible aid in his defence. When he explained to the prisoner the judgment of the court, the unhappy victim fell senseless on the floor. On this painful occasion Mr. Monteiro manifested a sensibility highly honorable to his feelings.

Amer. Cit.

Extract of a letter from a correspondent in Pittsburgh to the editor of the United States Gazette, dated, January 10, 1806.

"On Wednesday last, (the 8th inst.) a duel was fought in the vicinity of Pittsburgh, between Tarleton Bates, Esq. the prothonotary of Alleghany county, and a person of the name of Stewart a storekeeper here, in which Mr. Bates was killed at the second fire. The ball of his antagonist entered the upper part of his breast, about an inch left of the centre and lodged in his left shoulder passing near his heart. He immediately fell and almost immediately expired. Political animosity and party disputes led to this fatal catastrophe.

GENERAL UTILITY.

MANY persons who are in the habit of going to Shops, wear out their own knuckles by rapping at the door, while the Shopkeeper within is wearing out his lungs by bawling, "*Walk In*," which, of course, cannot be heard owing to the noise in the street. * * * One word of advice—Never knock at a SHOP-door, but try the latch: if you find the door locked, go your way; if the door opens, enter.

A SHOP KEEPER.

COURT OF HYMEN.

"Blest with the husband of your choice,
Tis yours to gild his days with joy,
To make the friend you love rejoice,
And ev'ry anxious care destroy."

MARRIED.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Beuch Mr. Daniel Gardener, to Miss Elizabeth Parras, both of this city.

At Newburgh, Mr. David Lawrence, of New-York, to Miss Catharine Moore.

At Philadelphia, Mr. Curtis Cavender, merchant, to Miss Coraelia Morris, both of that city.

Some place, Richard Deimus, Esq. to Miss Susan S. Smith.

Same place, E. M'Shane, to Miss Ann Lanch.

Same place, Mr. John Carver, to Mary Haws.

At Baltimore, Mr. William Rice, of Christine, to Miss Eliza Siecle, of New-York.

MORTALITY.

"As those we love, decay, we die in part,
String after string is sever'd from the heart,
Till loosen'd life at last—but breathing clay,
Without one pang is glad to die away.
Unhappy he, who latest feels the blow,
Whose eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low;
Dragg'd lingering on from partial death to death,
And dying, all he can resign—is breath."

DIED.

On Tuesday morning, after a short illness, Mr. Joseph Cowley, merchant of this city.

At Norwich, (Connecticut) after a short indisposition, to the inexpressible grief of all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance, Miss Frances Ann Woodbridge, daughter of Samuel Woodbridge, Esq. of that place: a young lady of distinguished merit, and in whose bosom were centered all those virtues which so richly adorn and dignify the female character.

Suddenly, on Thursday evening last, by a stroke of apoplexy, the Honorable Mr. Hanson, Chancellor of the state of Maryland.

At his Plantation, in Georgia, Major Lachlan M'Intosh, aged 46.

THE ENGLISH NUN.

Just published by J. Swaine, Pearl-st. and for sale by Mr. S. Stansbury, Water-st. Mr. B. Dornin, Pearl-st. Mr. Tiebout, Water-st. Mr. Longworth, opposite the Park, Mr. Scoles, Broad-way, Messrs. G. & R. Waite, Maiden-lane, and at this Office; price 6 shillings in boards.

A New and entertaining Novel,

ENTITLED

THE ENGLISH NUN;

OR THE

SORROWS OF EDWARD & LOUISA.

Here in the shelter of this calm retreat,
Did sorrow find a safe and tranquil home,
Did meek cy'd Resignation take her seat,
And bow submission to her Maker's doom.

With a handsome frontispiece.

Jan. 25, 1806.

884—St.

THEATRE.

ON MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 27, 1806.

Will be presented,

THE FAVORITE OPERA OF THE

DUENNA:

OR,

THE DOUBLE ELOPEMENT.

To which will be added,

PALTAN:

OR, A PEEP INTO THE SERAGLIO.

COURT OF APOLLO.

THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN CUT SHORTER.

A NICK NAME is an evil we know;
One has fall'n to the lot of my daughter,
Who because she is stunted and low,
They call—a little old woman cut shorter.

First at school she acquir'd the foul name,
While her infantile lessons were taught her!
In her teens it continued the same,
She was call'd—an old woman cut shorter.

Twenty summers had pass'd o'er her head
Yet her fortune no husband had brought her;
For the youths would not marry they said,
To—a little old woman cut shorter,

As she pass'd the young men in the street
Each would ask of his friend what he thought her:
And their constant reply I repeat
She's—a little old woman cut shorter.

Year fled after year fast away,
For a wife yet no lover had sought her
Of she rued the detestable day
When they nam'd her—old woman cut shorter.

Now stern Age steals her beauties away,
And with her small face makes strange slaughter
Yet Malice will still turn, and say,
There goes—the old woman cut shorter.

For a husband no hopes now remain,
Since old-age with his snows comes athwart her;
She no longer is giddy or vain,
But is quite—an old woman cut shorter.

THE WITLING AND CLOWN.

A WITLING of the dashing kind,
Ask'd Hodge if he had seen a wind?
"Yes, that I have (quoth Hodge,) I vow
"I saw a mighty wind just now."
You saw it, Hodge, it cannot be,"
Replied the man of repute;
"Pray what was't like?" "Like (quoth the clown,)
Twas like—*th' have blown my cottage down.*"

ON CONTENTMENT.

CONTENT transcends a crown; 'tis Wisdom's mark,
Choice manna, treasur'd in Religion's ark;
An olive branch, brought in a turtle's bill;
An anchor, which at sea secures us still;
A calm in storms; a peace where wars invade;
In frost, a sunshine; and in heat, a shade;
That high-ton'd harmony for which we long,
A sweet prelude to a heavenly song;
The heart's bright ruby, which, with this endu'd,
Shines like a star of the first of magnitude.

WONDERFUL POWER OF MAGNETISM.

A GENTLEMAN travelling in foreign parts, happened to be benighted, far from any place of accommodation: to avoid the dreariness of the night, in a strange place, he thought it advisable to seek for some shelter, and having discovered a cave, he dismounted his horse, which he fastened by the bridle on the outside of the cave and then went in and laid himself down in his clothes, and being much fatigued, fell asleep, nor did he wake till the daylight appeared; when to his great astonishment, he found him suspended by his heels from the roof of the cave. He made many efforts to free himself from so disagreeable a situation when at length he shuffled his legs out of his boots and came to the ground, almost stunned by the fall; when looking up he perceived the cause of this disaster was owing to the cave being formed out of a rock of lodestone, and he unfortunately having steel spurs on, was attracted up in the manner described; and some say the boots are hanging there yet.

N. SMITH.

Chymical Perfumer from London, at the New-York Hair Powder and Perfume Manufactory, (the Golden Rose) No. 114 Broad Way opposite the City Hotel.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 & 8s. each.

Smith's Chymical Abstergent Lotion, for whitening and preserving the teeth and gums, warranted.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that adds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.

Violet and pain Soap, 2s. per square.

Smith's Improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns: has not its equal for preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 6s. 8. & 12s. per bottle, or 3 dols. per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. 6d. per lb.

Violet, double scented Rose, 2s. 6d.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. & 8s. per pot, do. paste.

Smith's Chymical Dentifrice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums; warranted—2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural colour to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences, with every article necessary for the Toilet, warranted.

Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes. Almond Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb.

Smith's Circasia Oil, for glossing and keeping the Hair in curl.

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chymical principles to help the operation of shaving.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster, 3s. per box.

Ladies silk Braces, do. Elastic worsted and cotton Garters.

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books.

* The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Strops, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen-knives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn Combs Superfine white Starch, Smelling Bottles, &c. &c. Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with Imported Perfumery.

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again.
January 5, 1805. 833. 1y.

TO THE LADIES OF NEW-YORK.

DYING BALLS FOR ALL KINDS OF COLOURS

These BALLS from the celebrated Manufactory of Mr. Wully, of Paris, may be ranked among the most useful and pleasing modern inventions, since in less than a quarter of an hour, by means of these Balls, gowns, shawls, gloves, stockings, &c. may easily be dyed at pleasure.

This dye will give a new cast to silk stuffs, but more so, to lawn, cambric muslin, dimity, &c.

There are also Balls to blue linen and give it a bright shining whiteness not to be obtained by any other process.

Directions for using these Balls will be delivered with them, printed in French and English.

These Balls are to be found at Mr. Donniers' store, No. 119 William-Street.

November 30, 1805. 876—3s.*

REGISTRY OFFICE FOR SERVANTS.

MICHAEL M'GREANE,

No. 9 Broad Street.

RESPECTFULLY informs the public, that he continues to receive commands in that line, from Employers and Servants, which he attends to with the greatest care and punctuality.

A few servants on the books well recommended. Those persons who wish to apply for places as above, is requested to produce satisfactory references.

Jan. 4, 1806. 881—1f.

LIVERPOOL, SCOTCH & VIRGINIA COAL.

Best Liverpool, Scotch & Virginia Coal may be had by applying to S. Freeman, No. 26 Roosevelt-Street.
November 30, 1805. 876—1f.

MR. TURNER

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 15 Park, to No. 71 Nassau-street, where he practises PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST. He fits Artificial Teeth, upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature; and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method also of Cleaning the Teeth is generally approved, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging tooth ach, his Tincture has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting carious Teeth upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any Lady or Gentleman at their respective houses, or may be consulted at No. 71 Nassau-street, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own, from Chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years, and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by the daily application, the teeth become beautifully white, the gums are braced and assume a firm and natural healthful red appearance, the loosened teeth are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of Tartar, together with decay and tooth ach prevented.

The Tincture and Powder may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's Book-Store, No. 64 Maiden-Lane.
July 13, 1805. 861. 1f.

WILLIAM GRIFFITH,

SILK, COTTON, & WOOLEN DYER, & CALICO GLAZIER, No. 56 Beaver-street, four doors from William-street.

Cleans and Dyes all kinds of Silks and Sattins, all kinds of damaged Goods, and finished with neatness; all kinds of gentlemen's Clothes, Silk Stockings and Camell hair Shawls cleaned and calendered. He has also erected a hot Callender. All commands will be thankfully received, executed on the shortest notice, and on the lowest terms. Entrance to the Dyers at the gate.

N.B. Carpets scoured and dyed, Bed furniture cleaned and calendered, and Blankets scoured. Best standing at 1s. upon Cotton and Linen; Dyers stuffs for sale.
June 1, 1805. 836. 1y.

REMOVAL.

PETER STUYVERSANT Jun. Ladies Shoemaker, has removed his Store from No. 141 to No. 115 William-street, the house lately occupied by Mr. Thomas Fradgely. Peter Stuyversant Jun. returns his grateful acknowledgements to his friends and the public, for their past Patronage, and humbly solicits a continuance of their favors, to merit which, no endeavors shall be wanting; at the same time he begs leave to inform them, that he has received by the late arrivals from London, a large and fashionable assortment of Fancy Leather, for Ladies Shoes, all kinds of Kid and Moroccoos.

N. B. Merchants and others may be supplied with shoes suitable for the Southern and West India markets, at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms.

Decr. 28, 1805. 880. 4m.*

20,000 DOLLARS, THE HIGHEST PRIZE.

For sale at this Office, No. 3 Peck-Slip, TICKETS, In the Batten-Kill Road Lottery, In Wholes, Halfs, Quarters, & Eights.

Tickets bought at this Office examined gratis.

NEW-YORK:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR,

No. 3 PECK-SLIP.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents, per annum.

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